

BLUE GRASS BLADE

Volume XVII, 17 Parker

High and Ashland East Side

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1909.

Number 4

GYPSY SMITH IN CINCINNATI

DR. J. B. WILSON, IN COMMERCIAL TRIBUNE WRITES ABOUT HIM.

SOME WHOLESOME CRITICISM.

Correspondent Gives Impressions of Evangelist "Gypsy Smith."

To the Editor of the Commercial Tribune:

Gypsy Smith has come and gone. Since you have been generous in giving him space, will you likewise be generous enough to give space to some honest, wholesome criticism?

The writer has carefully observed "Gypsy." I am certain that I have the opinion of the general public, and even of many clergymen, who were in sympathy with the revival, and not inclined to hitch their wagons to such a star.

I am at a loss to understand why any of the so-called clergy of this city should have to do with "Gypsy." To accuse religious infidelity in Cincinnati. Is it not a confession of their own inefficiency? In bringing him here, have they not publicly admitted that the "Gypsy" is better able to solve the moral and religious problems of this city than all of them combined? Have they not thus cheapened their own importance?

What has "Gypsy" said that time and over again? What, in fact, is wonderful about "Gypsy Smith?"

If plain Rev. Smith, unknown and unadvertised, should drop into some of the country villages around Cincinnati, it is hardly likely that he would create a stir, and some churches would not tolerate his methods.

What one good reason did "Gypsy" give that an agnostic, free thinker of Jew should turn and follow him? By what authority is he a special dispenser of divine favors? Since God made all, how does it come that "Gypsy Smith" should better interpret him than a good free thinker or a good Jew?

Let me ask the educated reader, who would you choose to best interpret for you—Darwin, Spencer, Emerson, and Ingersoll, or "General" Booth, "Gypsy" Smith, "Sam" Jones and "Billy" Sunday? Oh, the exalted ego of some people!

"Gypsy" is not a bit backward in talking about himself. He never gets far away from "Gypsy." Just which is most prominently referred to in his sermons, the Deity or himself, it would be hard to determine.

Look at the crowds! Why does the "Gypsy" draw such large crowds? Let me answer this by asking another question and answering it. Why does a scientist, astronomer or philosophical essayist draw only a few people to hear him? Simply because thinkers are few. Emotionalists are many.

The crowds which attended the "Gypsy" revivals were no indication of success. Certainly, out of the entire Protestant population of Cincinnati there are at least 3,000 habitual and regular big meeting goers, all of whom have been soundly converted over and over again. What with these and the country enthusiasts who came in, and several hundred of the curious inclined each evening the crowds are accounted for, and there is no way remarkable. At the same time the theaters were all crowded with paid listeners, and the streets swarmed with people who never gave "Gypsy Smith" or the revival a second thought. Certainly, he did not bring Cincinnati to his feet, as he boastfully declared it had come.

The fact is, that "the skree" does not work as well as it is used to, consequently the revival, which is a relic of ignorance, superstition and simple-mindedness, is almost a thing of the past. Most clergymen have come to recognize this fact and have dropped out of the roof-raising habit.

But these revivals are a good thing in their way. Whildest awaken religious zeal, they also awaken common sense and inquiry, and set the general public weighing and comparing. While they revive emotion and warm up the oft-converted, they invariably add to the Free thought

ranks. Most people ask themselves, what is the necessity of reviving a religion which, with the Almighty behind it, has had its own way in the world for 1,600 years? What does revival mean but a desperate effort toward survival?

In one of his sermons, "Gypsy" said: "If I had it in my power, I would apply a match to every distillery and saloon in the country? To those conversant with church history, this is not a little least surprising, and certainly nothing new. When the clergy had the power, they not only burned buildings, but burned and tortured people—not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. Every scientist, inventor, thinker, moralist, and reformer, of man or woman while, from Hypatia to Bruno and Servetus, they either burned or tortured as fast as they bobbed up.

The one chief reason that the Christian Church will never again gain its power, is that the people will see to it that the Gypsy Smith of fanaticism will never again predominate, and that they shall never again have the chance to burn people, to say nothing about burning buildings.

"Gypsy," like "Sam" Jones, is great on stirring up the emotions—lifting "mother" out of her grave and making her talk to you—"Gypsy" being the medium—and you get your affections all stirred up and then you imagine you have gotten religion.

He is also smart enough to know that his eccentric name attracts ordinary people toward him. The Rev. Rodney S. L. the Rev. Samuel Jones and William Sunday, D. D. would attract nobody in particular. But "Gypsy," "Gypsy" and "Gypsy" are the magnets that draw. Has it come to pass that the Christian clergymen must dispense with their dignity in order to be successful?

But whatever else may be said of "Gypsy," he is certainly a good business man. The clerical committee who brought him here will better realize it since his departure. Of the \$10,000 they had to raise, \$5,000 goes to England. A certain per cent of this—no one knows how much—goes to "Gypsy." Everytime "Gypsy" dropped a dollar in the basket he was certain to get it back many fold. It stimulated others to give.

The committee did all the hard work—"Gypsy" did the talking and got both the money and glory. Now, this committee, while walking the streets of Cincinnati this winter he will look into the strayed faces of men, women and children, and will not have a dollar to give them. The \$5,000 they ought to have will be in England or in the pockets of "Gypsy." And, after all, now that the revival is over and "Gypsy" has gone rejoicing, what has it amounted to? This no doubt is the quiet, unimpassioned reflection of quite a number of good people. Everybody but revivalists know that paroxysmal raptures are not the staying qualities. "Gypsy" said some very good things and many foolish things. Take him all in all, he is a credit to "Sam" Jones. But revivalists, all alike, make this one common mistake—they abuse infidels whose arguments they cannot answer, and those of the clergy who refuse to cheapen their serious calling by imitating them or by contributing to their notoriety.

To the credit of many ministers they do not measure their usefulness by burlesque notoriety, nor do they regard their greatness as measured by the work of press agents and wide advertising.

Holy men do not make a holy show of themselves. A good preacher, like a good doctor, is seldom a good business man. In the matter of business and getting rich quick "Gypsy" has far outskipped J. B. Wilson. Cincinnati, Ohio.

IMMORTALITY.

A boy which people cry for.
And on their knees apply for.
Dispute, contend, and tie for.
And if allowed
Would be right proud
Eternity to die for.—Ambrose Pierce

To Subscribers of the Blade

As you perceive, we have gotten back into our old clothes. It has come to pass that we have to get down to hard, rough work in order to exist, and this excuse we give for the change of frocks. We were proud of the Blade as it was, but could not afford the expenses, and so are compelled to ask our readers to think none the less of us because of our old clothes.

A statement is due our subscribers for the cause of this change, and here it is in figures, that all may read:

STATEMENT.

From January 1, 1909 to December 1, 1909.
Entire receipts for forty-eight weeks.... \$2090.00

Expenses.

Forty-eight Weeks.

To Mr. Charlesworth, the Editor, 48 weeks, salary at \$24 per week.....	\$1152.00
To composition, paper, printing, folding, mailing, postage at \$36, 48 weeks at \$36 per week.....	1728.00 2880.00
Total expense.....	\$2880.00
Loss.....	\$790.00

In the above statement, which is absolutely accurate, rent, lights and other incidentals are not included. Besides we had donations of over a hundred dollars, which cuts down the subscription receipts. We count that our loss for the whole fifty-two weeks will amount close to a thousand dollars (\$1000.00).

Now we ask, would any of you be willing to undergo such a loss? Well, then, since you would not, you will surely be indulgent with us in adopting cheaper methods of publication, since we have to do this to insure the existence of the Blade. There are many, we are sure, will like to see the Blade back in its old form, with the familiar features of its founder, up in the north-west corner.

The paper alone for the Blade, as it has been printed costs \$15.00 weekly. In present form, it costs only \$9.00, a saving of \$6.00 per week. There is a like saving all down the line.

We offered Mr. Charlesworth a lower salary or that he assume full responsibility, and receive half the profits, but he was not disposed to accept these terms, and so has quit the Blade.

This offer must appear fair to our subscribers, as it will be seen by the statement, that Mr. Charlesworth, was getting the largest part of the receipts from the paper.

Now, that we have no editorial writer, we must depend, as before, upon the enthusiasm and patriotism of our subscribers for copy. We ask you to supply us with articles from your pen, so we may always have matter on hands with which to fill up.

If we come out even on the Blade, we will be satisfied. Remember the price of everything connected with a paper is high, like in all other things, and we can't go on with such a loss, it was either cut down, or begin begging again, and this we do not want to do.

Mr. Charlesworth contemplates starting a paper of his own, in which effort, we wish him success. It would be well for the new Liberal Organization to have an organ of its own, and there is room for all. We will miss his able editorials, and we have had no quarrel with him.

One thing is certain, the Old Blade is going to live, if we have to cut it down to two pages, and wait for better times. The Spirit of Old Brother Moore still hangs over it and we are sure there are enough of the Old Guard to go to the front for it, and defend its existence. When better times come again, we will improve the paper, and we ask our readers to bear with us until such a time. Your disappointment is not one half that of ours.

Beginning with the new year, our price for subscription will be \$12.50 instead of \$15.00. We want to be fair and come half way with our subscribers. A great many subscribers dropped out when the Blade was changed to the magazine form. They seemed to like the newspaper form the best. We hope now to see them come back.

We want to again appeal to our subscribers, especially the old ones, Mr. Henry, Mrs. Closs, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Bowles, Kidder, Clark, Johnson and others to fall in line and give us other help. Our very existence now depends upon the enthusiasm of our contributors. This, of course, is some work for you. We would be glad to pay for articles if we could, but remember how much greater is our work, and we do not get anything out of it either. We hope the New Year will start off more prosperous for all. We hope for your help and encouragement. Bear with the Blade as it is, and stand by it till better times. Remember subscriptions to Blade, beginning with January 1, 1910—\$12.50 per year. In clubs of five, \$67.50 each.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES E. HUGHES, Proprietor.

FALL OF ONCE RULING SPAIN

INTERESTING ARTICLE ON THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES IN THE ONE TIME GLORIOUS MONARCHY.

(By Harold Banning.)

All Free thinkers have read with satisfaction the good news from Spain. The most intelligent people of that priest-ridden country have revolted against god and king. They have taken arms and are fighting in the blood-stained streets of Barcelona to establish a godless republic. In their anger they have committed a few outrages. We regret to hear of the destruction of property. These excesses will be bitterly denounced by the press of the world, and will injure the cause. By resorting to such violence they are placing themselves on a level with Christians. The churches should have been converted into schools, hospitals, etc. If every church were a school, and every priest a teacher, Spain would be the most enlightened nation of the world.

While the mobs of Barcelona are hurting themselves against the bayonets of the soldiers and struggling to hold their barricades, we can only hope that success will crown their efforts.

History has recorded the fall of monarchies, but of none has the decline been so rapid and complete as that of Spain, and the cause—Religion. To understand this, we must take a brief glance at history. When Rome fell, Spain was invaded by the Visigoths, an intelligent and vigorous race. The natives married their conquerors, and they became one people. This blend produced a better race. From the Goths the Spaniards inherited his courage; from the Romans his active mind. Then in 711 came the Moorish invasion, which swept the Spaniards into the northern provinces. Under Ferdinand and Isabella, the Moorish power was crushed, and the Spanish kingdoms were united. Inspired by religion, Isabella established the Inquisition, and the screams of the tortured victims were heard for the first time in the towns and cities of Spain. The Spaniards now began to display a terrible energy. Every year found Spain more powerful. She reached her highest point under Charles V. and Philip II. The world was too small for Spain. Her fleets controlled the sea and her armies swept over Europe. In battle her soldiers were invincible.

The world trembled. One hundred million subjects obeyed Philip II. The Spanish fleets brought millions in gold from South America. Spain was prosperous and her future was bright. The united armies of Europe could not crush her. Up to this time the Spaniards had been a comparatively godless people. They loved their country more than they loved their god. They were Christians, but god played second fiddle. But in the reign of Philip II, the god plague swept over Spain, and with it came ruin. In a few years the church owned or controlled everything. The fearless Spaniards soon became whining, god-fearing Christians. The priest's shout and the clang of the church bell drowned the voice of Reason. Industry declined. Only the wheel and the rack were in constant operation. The screams of the tortured were heard in every city of Spain, and the blazing stake became a common sight.

Philip II. soon became a tool in the hands of priests. He laughed heartily when he heard of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. Then the crash came. The Dutch provinces revolted. The priests said: "Kill them!" and Philip obeyed. The heretics protested. The priests said: "Burn them," and Philip obeyed. The English insulted him. The priests said: "Conquer them," and Philip obeyed—to the best of his ability. But this was not an easy task. The "Invincible Armada" was loaded down with arms and instruments of torture, and sailed for England, only to meet destruction. This was the

last great blow. Philip's reign can be described by one word—crime.

Had Philip II. been an atheist, history would not be soiled with the story of his bloody deeds, and Spain would still be great. The same may be said of all kings and of all nations. Crushed and degraded by religion, the Spaniards lost their vigor, and even their courage vanished. They were taught to fear god, and the germs of fear once planted, they soon began to fear their enemies. The Inquisition had made them brutes. Religion now made them cowards. Their battles were stories of defeat and shame. Their few victories were scenes of massacre and torture. Then the foundation of Spain's glory vanished. The walls fell, and she is now a mass of ruins, from which comes the priest's shout and the yells of the bull fight.

Behold! Religion's work. This was the work of the Catholic Church, but the Protestants are no better. There is no choice. Both are inspired by the same god-theory. However, the Protestant churches are younger, and their history is not so rich with crime.

But there is hope. Let Spain de-throne god and expel king. Then her courage will return. She will again be a power. Many Spaniards now see the cause of their fall. The courage displayed in Barcelona shows that the old spirit has not died.

Poor Spain! Her king is almost absolute, and the church controls the land. Her neighbors are prosperous. Their kings and priests have been humbled. Let Spain follow their example. The slave has been emancipated. The serf has been freed, and may that gallant race across the sea throw off the yoke of god and king.

Mt. Vernon, O.

PUSHING AND PULLING.

"Push" and "Pull."

Did you ever face a swing door with the above posted on either side? They are extremes and their workings are exactly in the opposite direction.

Men are governed by much the same conditions. Those who expect to court success through a "pull" have a splendid chance to be disappointed. The men who use "push" to get there stand a better chance to win, and very often reach the desired goal.

To which category do you belong? Are you "pulling" or "pushing"? Pause for a moment in front of that door. The word "pull" stares at you. The door has temporarily arrested your progress. Your road lies through it and beyond it. To pull causes you to halt and so much of your time has been lost. Now take the other side and you are standing at a better chance to win, and very often reach the desired goal.

Did you ever go through such an experience? If you have you can understand what is meant by the processes above described. Pushing hurts nobody, but it is a mighty help. Pulling is as apt to retard as it is to assist. There are lots of people in this world who expect to get through it on their "pull." The large and preponderant portion of them fail. In other words, they never get there. The man who uses "push" and relies upon his own vigor and energy usually makes a mark and goes to a position of importance to his fellows. The pushing man is the strong man to whom the weaker ones will look in times of trouble and emergency. The pulling man is a mental and physical cripple, who is waiting for somebody to do something for him.

Suppose that swing door represents opportunity! Now what are you going to do? Stand waiting for a pull? No, none of that. Get busy and push it open.

It opens, and pass through without halting or hesitation. If Free thinkers are ever to win a decisive battle in their great fight against organized superstition, they have to get busy and push. To stand, like a weakling, waiting for something to turn up in the shape of a pull means irrevocable loss and ruin.

I KNOW YOU NOT

**Mandate of Christian Cruelty Issued
Against all Who Refuse to Accept
Foolish Fable as Fact**

Selfishness is the supreme goal of orthodox Christianity. This fact gains corroboration every day. We meet with it on every hand. It confronts us in public places, in the home, in church and in the pulpit. Love may be the dynamics of human society, the great cohesive force, but it is not the impelling power of orthodox Christianity.

A few evenings ago I attended religious services and among the cruel things said by the preacher, I'll give one:

"When I get to heaven I'll be glad to see those turned away who rejected God here; I'll be glad to hear Him say, depart from me, I know you not. This may sound harsh to you but I repeat, etc."

The above is but another proof of the contention of Freethinkers that the Christian religion is a narrow creed, fit only for zealots and bigots. No broad-minded man can accept it as a comforting or sustaining hope. Its futility crops out more or less by the "one-hoss" preacher or the bishop. Its selfishness raises the individual above humanity in general. The preacher imagines himself the ideal man, while all others are but fragments of "sinful flesh" curiously compounded.

He believes in freedom but it must conform with his own belief. He strenuously maintains his inalienable right to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience, yet gladly anticipates a seething, sulphuric, stannic acid for him whose conscience is not in accord with his own. He is void of sense that he knows nothing of human mentality. We believe today as we are forced to believe. We cannot believe otherwise. But by tomorrow we may be changed by environment to believe differently.

The man who can back up his judgments by proven facts is the really "freedomed," but he who follows blind faith, or he who professes to believe what he does not believe, is the criminal. This is the sin unpardonable.

The one whose belief is founded upon the results of investigation, the one who is a Christian believer now or the one who has been in the faith, but now is infidel to that belief? Which one has been observing? Which is the one able to form judgments? Whose opinion is of more weight to a sensible inquirer, that of a slobbering sentimentalist, or that of a professor and profound thinker? Who is more apt to reach sane conclusions, and happy conditions? Paine says: "It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself, when a man has so far corrupted and prostituted the chastity of his mind, as to subscribe his professional belief to things he does not believe, he has prepared himself for the commission of every other crime." Yet here is a man who says if you cannot honestly believe what he believes, "I'll be glad to see them turned away from their God."

Mothers, where are your hearts? How can you elude the hands of such a man in Christian fellow-ship? I would recoil from that extended hand as from a frog, salamander, or a snake! Are your sons doomed to an eternal hell? You shake your head: no! Other mother's sons are as precious as your own. Common sense says, if one is worth saving they will all be saved, if there is a heaven.

Here is a young girl, blossoming into womanhood, the very picture of health, with innocence in her heart, grieved in her laugh, buoyant in her step, and grace in her form. She passes the age of accountability and comes on and on, writes with no church. She reads, observes and reflects, and presents no evil. He who can behold her and not feel a benevolent interest in her is an object with special delight. It must be that young woman. Man pays his respect to her, bows to her, respects her, and if need be, gives his life for her: meets neither in glowing colors and hold her in the sweetest notes; and in the hereafter if there is anything of harm should threaten her, all would fall prostrate before their god in agonizing tears in her behalf. Yet here is a preacher, because she rejects God here, who will be glad to see her "turned away from heaven."

Fathers, have you lost your sanity? Is it possible that your sensibilities have become so blunted, by such ignorant ranting, that you do not know when you are insulted? Oh, forbid, that you should sit like dumb cattle and fail to resent another such onslaught upon your reason.

Sweethearts think of your lovers, their loving caresses, their tender words, their whispering whispers, and their faithful devotion to you; wives dwell for a moment upon your adoring husband who chose you as the fairest of ten thousand, who loves you for your own true worth, who meets all obstacles and overcomes them for your sake, who laughs with you, who weeps with you, and then because they do not affiliate themselves with the church here, here is a man who'll "be glad" for them to meet an angry God yonder.

Sweethearts, wives, can you embrace a religion that gives the sweet assurance of attaining a state of mind where you will be glad when misfortune befalls others here, or hereafter? Shame on you all. "Blest be the tie that binds your hearts in Christian love!"

Lovers die, husbands die, mothers, fathers, children, and all pass away, even our enemies must go, but where is there an infidel who is so base as to "be glad," if there is a judgment, to see any human being turned upon the road that leads to Gehenna? This alone is reserved for Christian charity. I believe in no God, nor future life. I would rather entertain no hopes of future life than to believe that my worst enemy would be consigned to the unquenchable flames of hell.

I wonder how much longer the church can flourish in a truly civilized country. When will people learn that priestcraft is a curse, that Christianity is a gibed fraud, that the church itself is a falsity?

In the language of Rembrandt: "When I survey the dark, sad centuries of the past when I dwell upon the bloody deeds and frightful wrongs committed by this cruel church, when I see Liberty in chains, Justice a stranger in every court and science wearing the brand of infamy upon her brow, when I witness the unrequited toils and sufferings of those who have lived and died for right, when I see the beautiful and learned Hypatia dragged naked through the bloody deserts of Alexandria and foully murdered by Christian priests, when I review the treatment accorded to Bruno, Galileo, Servetus, Voltaire and Paine, when I see an indolent and crafty priesthood preying upon human hopes and fears, holding in bondage the brains of my fellowmen and filling the land with superstition, fear and crime, when all this rises before the vision of my mind I feel an honest aspiration to contribute something toward hastening the time when freedom, justice and intelligence shall fill the world and priestcraft with its churches be no more."

And when none will become to depraved as "to be glad" to see others turn into a literal, seething, foaming hell.

Hard to Digest.

"I'm afraid I'll disagree with you," remarked Jonah, as the whale swallowed him.

"Perhaps," replied the whale, "but it won't be a creature, but a theologian, will disagree when they come to discuss this incident."

From the Mouth of a Babe.

One morning a Sunday-school was about to be dismissed, and the young ones were in the anticipation of releasing their cramped little limbs after the hours of confinement on straight-backed chairs and benches when the superintendent arose and, instead of the usual dismissal, announced: "And now, children, let me introduce Mr. Smith, who will give us a short talk."

Mr. Smith smilingly arose, and after gazing impressively around the classroom, began with: "I hardly know what to say," when the whole school was convulsed to hear a small, thin voice back in the rear say: "This 'amen' and this 'down!'"

It is gratifying to learn that heaven is a condition but is subsidiary conditions are too hard to be complied with.

1909—1909

Blue Grass Blade Bound Volume

Containing Fifty-two Copies of The Blade and all handsomely bound in Blue Buckram with gold letters.

\$3.00

Reduced from last year's price

\$3.00

Subscribe NOW and get your name on the list in time.

A STILL BETTER OFFER!

For Five New Subscribers

For Five New Subscribers

We will send ONE COPY of the Bound Volume

FREE OF COST!

To any person sending us five new subscribers in one club at the regular rates before Dec. 31, 1909

THE CLUB IS PREFERABLE! GET UP ONE! SECURE A COPY FREE!

BLUE GRASS BLADE, Lexington Ky.,

A SUGGESTION TO THE POPE

You are about to confer a candid hat upon some American priest. Though this matter is absorbing much of your time and attention, I am going to ask a favor of you: I appeal to you because Spain is one of the countries of which you are the real ruler. By your influence over Alfonso, who, though king, is your obedient servant, you control the destinies of that land. Not a sparrow falls to the ground in Spain without your knowledge and consent.

My petition is this: I pray you to bring about, as quickly as possible, the publication of all the charges against Ferrer, and his answer to these charges, that the world may know why he was killed. Although you cannot bring him back to life, you can help to vindicate his memory if he was innocent, or to vindicate the church if he was guilty. To do this I suggest that you invite a properly constituted Civil Tribunal to hear in public the evidence for and against Ferrer. Of course, this should have been done before he was killed, but it is too late to give a satisfactory explanation to the hundreds of thousands who, all over the world, are asking, "Why was Ferrer killed?"

You may reply that Ferrer has already been tried by martial law. But do you not know that martial law, as the Duke of Wellington has said, represents no more than the caprice of military officers? Was not Dreyfus condemned by martial law? Dreyfus was helped to life and freedom again. But you were not one of his helpers.

Let me warn you kindly, Pope Pius, that there is a limit to the patience of the people. You are to-day afraid to appear in the streets of Rome because of the hatred of the masses for your office and person. Why can you not try to change their hatred to respect, and their opposition to devotion to your cause? Play fair, and the whole world will honor you. But if you continue to fear progress, and imagine that by curses and excommunications you can make the modern world look to you as a father, you will only see the "holy" left out—you will one of these days be rudely awakened out of your dream. Already there are many signs that this is seriously thinking of asking you to look for a home elsewhere. This will compel you, perhaps, to seek an asylum in some Protestant country. Will not that be a great humiliation? But if you are compelled to flee from Rome, and if the ransomed should fall, Francisco Ferrer will be one of the causes of its downfall. His blood cries from the ground for justice. He is not the only dead whose ghost will haunt the nation—and haunt it out of the world of culture and progress. Remember Giordano Bruno. Remember Hypatia. Remember Joan of Arc. You have antagonized this last, but it took you five hundred years to do it. Do not let another five hundred years before you let the daylight on the murder of Francisco Ferrer. M. M. MANGASARIAN.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

Thinking means an abundance of hard work. It also implies considerable leisure. There must be leisure time in which to think, if thinking is to be done. Orthodoxy does not

think. Its advocates do not think. They have much leisure time on their hands, but it is spent in worship instead of in thought, and the only thinking ever done by the professors of orthodoxy has been forced upon them as a means of self-defense. Fidelity to their creed excludes honest thought. To think outside the confines of their creed would be an act of unfaithfulness. A new idea seldom, if ever, strikes them. While defending the old, the sacred, the past that is dead, the clergy cannot become inventive. Neither can they become original. Like a newly made captive bird beating against the bars of its cage, struggling to be free, the human mind has ever beat against the bars of that prison which orthodoxy has constructed for it. In its struggles the mind has bent, twisted and broken these bars. It has passed beyond them, and the priest stands defending but an empty dungeon.

The inability of the priesthood to think has caused a lack of inventive and scientific genius among them. If we go to any church, no matter the denomination or the personality of the preacher, so long as it passes under the name of Christian and is so supported, the teaching is precisely the same, the method of teaching only being slightly different. All orthodoxy, by whatever name or sect, is one and the same, founded on the same myth, built by the same intolerance, and perpetuated by the same degree of ignorance. The power of the church is in illiteracy. It is the independent thinking of the masses that has impelled a semblance to thinking by the priesthood. Self-defense forced the issue. The priest not only had to defend his church and its creed against the advancing intelligence, but likewise had to defend himself. Here and there, like an oasis in some dreary desert, a few think too much, and

TWO NOTED BOOKS

DOG FENNEL

In

THE ORIENT

by

Charles Chilton Moore.

When a young man the author had started out to walk through the Holy Lands on foot. Reaching Paris he gave up the journey and returned home. He made the trip by rail and boat about three years before his death. This book gives an account of what he saw and explores numerous Christian myths. It is especially suitable for a present.

Cloth Bound, 350 Pages. Postpaid \$1.25.

Address orders to

BLUE GRASS BLADE,

Lexington, Ky.

A TRIP TO ROME

by

DR. J. B. WILSON.

The International Congress of Free-thinkers was held in the City of Rome, Italy, September 21, 1904. The author attended that Congress as the American delegate. It is an account of travel and personal experiences that has received an universal encomium from press and people. In religious dogmas and tales of priestly fiction are ruthlessly exposed while the general style is without comparison in American literature of travel.

Cloth bound, 360 pages, illustrated

Address orders to

BLUE GRASS BLADE,

Lexington, Ky.

their candor compels them to ally themselves with the intelligent thought of the day.

Is your name on the Blade muster roll?

He who is not master of himself is unworthy to rule others.

Now is the accepted time to arise, lump yourself and do something to keep the Blade's head up.

The Blade is making preparations for a strenuous campaign and urges its friends to give all possible encouragement in spreading the beneficent light of Free thought over the land.

Hopkins' Bleaching Gloves
These gloves are made of the best material and are guaranteed to keep your hands clean and soft. They are made in various sizes and colors to suit your taste. Write for terms and prices to Hopkins' Bleaching Gloves Co., 111 E. 12th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BILL'S AVENUE
Bill's Avenue is a new and original department in the WHEEL OF LIFE that grows on you. You need yourself waiting with interest for what "BILL" has to say next.

"AN AMERICAN
WIDONNA" is a new and original running in the WHEEL OF LIFE. It is written by Mary Ives Todd, the latest writer of Liberal Edition since Grant Allen. Bill is a beautiful presentation of the essentially modern problem of the Woman in Business.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE.
A monthly periodical. It deals with ORIGIN, the origin of Marriage, of Religion, of Brotherhood, of the belief in immortality. It treats broadly of Human Instincts and Ideals. It takes in the whole of life, treating all subjects in such a clear, plain and spicy way that the dust is shaken out and they become as interesting as a novel to even the casual reader. Send \$1.00 for a six months' trial subscription or a quarter for the annual.

CONFESSIONS OF A
"DRONE" by Joseph Modell Patterson, author of "A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE WHEEL OF LIFE." Address
LIFE PUB. CO., Desk A, St. Louis, Mo.

CRIME

OF FRANCISCO FERRER

By Dr. J. B. Wilson.

Death does not make the martyr, but the cause. For the heinous crime of attempting to direct his beloved, but prostrate nation, in the paths of a higher education, Francisco Ferrer fell a martyr to the "hate of the church and its allies, the aristocracy of Spain." "Never," said he, "will we have real men and real women—never will we regain our prestige among nations, till we give our children a rational and scientific education." With this end in view he gave his whole soul to the work of the regeneration of his country.

Not Wanted.

The priests did not want that kind of education. It made thinkers and men instead of blind Christian followers. The nobility did not want it. It made republicans instead of fawning, slave-serving royalists. Ferrer must die.

Education as it is in Spain.

For a thousand years the education of the Spanish people has been in the hands of the clergy, with the following present showing. The whole country has but few more schools than the state of Ohio. There are very few school buildings. The children are packed into convenient rooms, which are kept in a shocking condition, with poor light and ventilation, and are really the abodes of death. Each year 50,000 children die of maladies contracted in these schools; 250,000 come out of them broken in health; 480,000 run the streets without receiving any education whatever, and so acquiring vicious habits. The teachers are chiefly the "Brothers and Sisters," and the amount of education received is but little more than the ritual of the church. The result is that Spain today has 10,000,000 illiterates, or about one-third of her population. Fifty thousand conscripts enter the army every year who are unable to read and write.

The Blight of Parochial Schools.

Now you have a picture of what clericalism has done for the schools of Spain. But that is not all that Spain as a nation? It has dispossessed the Spanish people for statesmanship, diplomacy, commerce, manufacture, business, agriculture, and nearly everything else that goes to make up a modern civilization. The lack of education produced the lack of great minds to conduct her affairs and to compete with the great minds of other nations. She was unable to hold her own in scientific possessions, and so fell from her high rank among nations to one of the lowest—a decadent country, without invention or initiative, without stimulation or endeavor, without hope as long as the present system of education prevails; and, excepting Russia, the last of the priest-ridden nations of the civilized world.

Death to the Reformer.

Spain has not been without her great-minded men, understood her ailments; but the old spirit of the Inquisition prevails, and it meant death to the reformer who should attempt to change the old order of things.

Finally one great soul arose, who clearly perceived that the salvation of Spain lay in the change of the educational system, and who dared to set in motion a revolution in this direction. Not through the influence of or by any force did he attempt this regeneration of Spain but simply by the establishment of a secular school system such as we have in this country. "My whole aim," said he, "is to produce an education which shall have society on affection and fraternity and direct all classes toward progress and happiness, and make them strong, healthy and free." The name of this great soul was

Francisco Ferrer.

A few wealthy people, among them a woman, supplied him with the necessary funds. He founded the first modern school in Barcelona in 1901. He erected modern school buildings, with modern equipments, and placed a distributing library in each. In 1906, when the trouble broke out, he had founded one hundred of these modern schools throughout Spain. Besides, he established co-education of the sexes, which was particularly offensive to the clergy. He got up an entirely new system of school books (a still greater offense), which attracted the attention of educators in other countries, and the name of Francisco Ferrer began at once to take high rank among the educators of the world. These modern schools, with their libraries, were fast spreading modern ideas far and wide throughout illiterate, decadent, priest-ridden Spain.

Ferrer Must Die.

The clerical wrath at once arose, when it saw the people taking to

this new system of education based upon science and freed of all dogmatic and supernatural conception. The Archbishop of Barcelona, in a letter to the head of the government (Senor Maura), signed by himself and all the prelates of the province of Catalonia, urged the government to suppress and stamp out the godless schools, as well as the radical press and all the anarchist groups. He, the scientist, philosopher or founder of a modern school, if he opposes the priesthood or the throne he is at once classed as an Anarchist. The republicans of Spain, who would be content with half of the liberty we have in this country, are Anarchists in the clerical eye. If they rise up in protest, demanding better conditions, so they and their families may live just a little as human beings ought to live, if they demand a voice in public affairs, their names are spread over the world that a hanging, anarchist mob is loose in Barcelona. This of course is for the purpose of blinding the world to their own tyranny and retaining the sympathy of the world on their side.

An Educator, Not an Anarchist.

Forced by training and temperament was the last man in the world to expect social salvation from barricades and bombs. He knew he had everything to lose and nothing to gain from the spirit of violence and mob law. His barricades were the school desks; his bombs were modern demonstrated facts; his men-at-arms were only school teachers; his fold of action not that of violence, but of pedagogic innovation and improvement. In 1906 he was arrested on the trumped-up charge of being an accomplice in the attempt to assassinate King Alfonso at the time of his marriage, and was sent to prison. This, of course, was for the purpose of breaking up his schools by putting him out of the way. The schools and influence were growing. This meant the death of the parochial schools in time or possibly a change from the monarchical to the republican form of government. He was in prison thirteen months. Still his schools grew.

His Trial and Release.

His trial, which was the merest farce, established no evidence against him, and he was released. All that saved him, however, was the mighty protest made all over Europe. They could not kill him and conceal their guilt from the wrathful proletariat, and they had to let him go. This recently established custom of protest by the press and the people of other countries well illustrates the fact that kings, priests and the money powers can no longer persecute patriots without having their sentences of the world to consider. No longer can they massacre in the name of their holy religions. No longer can they provoke war and expect the working class to walk out and be shot at, without giving a just reason why. All over the world the toilers are saying, "The toiler of other lands is my brother. Why should I fight him and take his property? Why should we be the victims of death when capitalists fight to be done? Why kill and be killed?"

Ferrer a Danger.

Upon his release, Ferrer plunged into his school work again. He knew that one man could not do so very much in his lifetime, and he knew the harvest he was sowing would be reaped by-and-by. He was planning for posterity, and he knew that violent catalysis would spoil his chances of witnessing in his lifetime a successful start of his school. While his school was in the hands of the clergy and some features of government, they were not anarchistic. In this country they would be regarded only as democratic or mildly socialist. Ferrer through his modern schools had become a greater danger than 10,000 anarchists. Already he had become favorably known to great educators of the world. Haekel, Maeterlinck, Sergi of the College of Rome, Anatole France, and a host of distinguished men of letters, philosophers and politicians of note had become his many admirers and friends. He had become a danger to ignorance, bigotry and greed, and they had but awaited the circumstances which would afford them an apparent good reason to take his life.

The Opportunity Comes.

The capitalistic war arose between Spain and the Rif tribes of Morocco. A few prominent Spanish capitalists and officials were interested in some mines in the Rif country, which the Rifis claimed as their own property, and proceeded to defend. Spain sent an army of 6,000 regulars to put down the Rifis. Upon the departure of these regulars the ladies of the nobility went aboard the steamers which were to transport the soldiers and made each a present of cheap medals, scarves and cigarettes. But these soldiers, who had no heart in this war, disgusted with this attempt to measure human life by such cheap baubles, threw them overboard. Many of them had not forgotten the blessing they

had received from the Pope on their departure for the American war and the cheap trinkets given them at that time, nor had they forgotten the result of that war. The crowds that assembled, men and women, fathers and mothers, to witness the departure of many of their sons who never would return, cried "down with war!"

The war soon began to take on big proportions, and a call was made for 75,000 men, which took in the reserves—the laboring men. An uprising arose in Barcelona, and soon spread all over the province of Catalonia. The workmen protested against being drafted and made marks for bullets just for private enterprise and for a few noblemen and politicians should retain property rights in mines which rightfully belonged to the Rifis. Let the nobility fight their own battles, they said. Our wives and children need us. Why should we die like dogs for nothing?

An Old Trick.

There were riots in Barcelona. Bombs were thrown. The workingmen declare that the bombs were thrown by the hirlings of the clergy and capitalists and not by themselves. This was an old trick, that has often been played by those in power for the purpose of bringing discredit upon the protesting classes and to afford an excuse for the arrest and prosecution of their leaders. The Spanish workmen are all Christian-readers. They regard their worst enemies to be the priests. The clergy were for the war and were willing that the poor toilers of Spain should go to Africa and be shot in order to protect the property claims of a few noblemen. They urged the militia to charge upon the people, and a local civil war ensued. Guided by revenge, the mobs in turn attacked churches and convents. Let it not be forgotten, this was not a Protestant or race war. These people who attacked the churches were all children of the church. It was a family fight. A church that pretends to teach love and reflects the very love of God himself should rear the children in such a manner by her own precepts and example as to command their love and respect, and not their hate. No one ever opposed the religion in which he was reared without just cause. His religion is the last thing a man will give up.

No doubt the mob did many indiscreet things, so did this persecutor, the clergy. In our court-house riot in Cincinnati a few years ago the mob, including many of our best citizens, committed acts of the greatest indiscretion. Mobs always do, but the newspaper reports we get here of the European mobs and riots are always colored to suit their use by the parties in power. We never get the straight of them. The workingman is always an Anarchist and looter, and not their hate.

Arrest of Ferrer.

Here was a good excuse to get rid of Ferrer and his hateful, godless schools, which had been spreading the gospel of democracy and brotherhood among men. Both clergy and officials charged him with instigating the uprising and influencing the soldiers against the capitalistic war in Morocco. He was arrested and sent to prison. His schools were broken up and his libraries scattered. Protests poured in from all over the world, but the stupid aristocracy and clergy of Spain heeded them not. The Cortez

had prepared for this occasion by passing a law that all such offenders should be tried by court-martial, which trial should be final, and for which the military should be wholly responsible. This was to relieve the state and crown of any odium that might be cast upon it.

The trial was held in secret and under court-martial, and has been condemned by the whole legal world as a mock trial and the merest farce. All the evidence they had, associating Ferrer in any way with the Barcelona movement, was a letter from Morrell, who tried to kill Alfonso, requesting the post of librarian in the Modern school. Ferrer could not keep any one from writing him, asking for a position. Morrell did not receive the appointment. Ferrer was condemned and sentenced to be shot. Here was the opportunity to crush by brute force the movement towards secular education in Spain, and they took advantage of it.

Protests from the highest to the lowest circles continued to pour in, but without avail. Ferrer must die. His trial—the first real trial in the history of Spain for centuries—must be put out. On the morning of October 13th he was led into a courtyard of the prison, stood against the wall and shot by a squad of soldiery. The shots that pierced his member were heard around the world, and the government of Spain today stands shamefaced before the eyes of all mankind.

The World's Judgment.

Newspaper criticism throughout the world has been condemnatory of Spain. The opinion of the London Telegraph is a fair sample. It says: "Professor Ferrer was one of the noblest and best men in all Europe, and was worthy to be called the Toy-mock trial brings unspeakable humiliation to the civilized world." Scientists, educators and public men and the legal fraternity are universal in their condemnation. But it is the old story over again. Mankind has ever advanced through blood, butchery and tears. Progress has ever demanded its martyrs. Some one had to die to make old Spain step out of her medievalism and superstition. It may as well have been Ferrer as some one else. He did not die in vain.

The new birth of Spain began with his death. As Jefferson said, "The blood of martyrs has ever watered the tree of Liberty." Spain has killed Ferrer, but his seeds will live to save Spain. Reform will spring forward with leaps and bounds, with the name of Ferrer ever as the watchword of liberty, progress and truth. Already his name which went down into the dust like a gallant banner trodden in the mire, has risen again, glorious in the sight of nations.

A Lesson.

There is a lesson in this world-tragedy, deep and profound. It is this: General Grant's admonition, "Keep church and state forever separate," especially in the matter of education. Keep the schools of America godless, which in reality means, keep the clergy out of them. The reason why they are now what they are is because they are godless. What have the god schools of Spain to show for the god in them—i. e. the clergy? What but the poor, old Spain of to-day, illiterate, degenerate, medieval, superstitious, poverty-stricken and generally decadent. When the god schools can show the results of

the godless schools, it will be time enough for the clergy to demand a division of the school funds or to go to killing thinkers, reformers, educators and lovers of men. Let God (the clergy) once get possession of the schools in America and it would be only a short time till we would need a thousand Ferrers.

DEATH OF DR. BARNES, OF AREOLA, ILLINOIS.

(By Harriet M. Cloz.)

On November 23, 1909, occurred the death of Dr. J. C. Barnes, of Areola, Ill., at the age of 74 years.

We learned of his death with deep sorrow, and while we know that Nature needed the transformation, we yet regret the method when the inexorable edict is pronounced.

Dr. John C. Barnes was born in Clark county, Ind., Sept. 27, 1835. He was married to Elizabeth Bower-Coombe in 1860, and they removed to Illinois in 1866. Three sons were born to them, all of whom survive. For several years Dr. Barnes has been in delicate health, and for weeks past has practically borne the pangs of advancing dissolution.

He planned for his funeral some days before his demise, and his sons followed to the letter his wishes. The ceremony taking place at the cemetery, the remarks being made by a long-time friend—one Dr. J. I. Gunn, of Areola.

I could myself as highly favored that just one year ago I wrote a sketch of our friend's life, which appeared in the issue of Nov. 22, 1908, of the Blade, and the small expression of appreciation for his life and work was conveyed to him in life instead of being delayed until after death, and I can only reiterate something of the sentiment I then wrote.

Dr. Barnes was born many years in advance of his time, but his vision was prophetic of the halcyon days that must follow the age of enlightenment which he heralded. His prophecy of peace for the people; his longing for liberty and light, together with the practice of gracious gentility and justice, most hasten the happy time for which he hoped and waited.

He has lived and loved and labored and a grateful people will finally appreciate his purpose, for his voluminous writings will be better understood and their import fulfilled as the years go by.

He was a creator and a savior of the race. His sincere idealism was an inspiration, his sunny optimism a benediction.

Our friend sought to eradicate superstition and to bring the order of truth and equity out of the disorder of injustice. His whole life has been consecrated to the constructive process, and his every action has been consistent with his creed.

He has won a peaceful victory for his weapons have been kind words and good wishes, his ammunition unanswerable logic.

His ambition and achievement will continue to grow throughout the ages. His precepts and principles can never die. Could desire for immortality find fuller fruition? Webster City, Iowa.

OPEN ON SUNDAYS.

The priesthood want everything closed on Sundays except their gospel shops and their mouths. They wish to monopolize one-seventh of our time whether we wish it or not. They wish to get, and have partly succeeded in getting, the laws enacted to compel all other trades and occupations to shut up shop on their day, and to persecute anyone who disturbs them in their business in any way. They seem to know that they can't (even with the help of their God) compete with honest trade, but must be protected in various ways by the strong arm of the law.

LOOKING FORWARD.

The door is closed on past mistakes. Not backward will we glance. But forward go with firmer faith, That will each day enhance.

We'll look with love on all mankind, For all to us are kin; We'll lend a hand to those who need, And so have peace within.

Orthodox Christianity means to make peace with the deity first, and failing in that direction, to arrange terms with the devil.

YULE TIDE GIFTS.

The custom of rejoicing and giving gifts on Dec. 25th did not originate with Christianity. They stole this late as they did with Sunday, the day of the sun. I am special agent for a new Universal Encyclopedia published in the United States in 8 vols. with thousands of illustrations. Price \$12.00. On receipt of this amount I will prepay express charges up to \$1. It would make a splendid Yule Tide gift to a school boy or girl.—Norman Murray, 246 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

WINTER TOURIST TICKETS TO THE SOUTH and SOUTHEAST ON SALE DAILY VIA—QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE

GOOD RETURNING UNTIL MAY 31st, 1910

For Full Particulars, call on, or write

H. C. KING, P. & T. A., 101 E. Main St., Lexington, Ky.